

His Beloved 381

Chapter 381: Compensation Required by President Mu (15)_5

Old Master Mu's voice was slightly raised as he spoke, as if he really cared about Jing Qing.

"Don't listen to my grandfather's nonsense. How could Yichen let me suffer?"

Jing Qing replied softly, then pushed her grandfather's hand again.

"Listen to what Jing girl is saying. Old Jing, could it be you're unhappy because Yichen is on good terms with that Qin girl and you want to seek justice for your granddaughter? That's rather narrow-minded of you. The children themselves don't take it to heart, so why should we, as elders, fuss over it? Besides, matters of the heart, it's all about fate!"

Old Master Mu spoke patting his leg leisurely.

Feng Fanghua respected no one but her father-in-law.

Perhaps in the Jing family, only her father-in-law could hold sway.

"Fate? Are you saying that our two families are not as fated as your family is with the Qin family?"

The old master of the Jing family sat in the sofa with the posture of a respected leader, not lacking in the slightest.

"What kind of talk is that? What fate do we, the Mu family, have with the Qin family? It was just that girl's mother who had some contact with Fanghua while she was alive. After that girl's mother died, the relationship basically broke off. How can it compare to our two families? — It's just the children's matter; we really don't need to be so serious about it."

Old Master Mu still spoke with a reasonable and convincing tone, every word filled with justification.

However, Jing Qing could hear that everyone in the Mu family had already accepted Qin Mu, even the old master who had just returned.

"Humph! Old Mu, it's not that I want to criticize you, but you seem to value that girl too much. Is it because you've stayed in the countryside for too long that your vision has changed? Moreover, all that messy stuff with that girl... Humph, our Xiaoqing is a clean and good girl who has loyally waited for your grandson for so many years, and she hasn't even had a boyfriend until now."

"Grandfather!"

Jing Qing felt even more embarrassed upon hearing those words and hurriedly called out to him again.

"Can't let grandfather speak? You don't seriously consider the prospects I arranged for you and collude with others to put on a show in front of me, huh? Or is it that you want to tell Grandpa you don't like Mu Yichen anymore?"

Mu Qingxin, who was upstairs eavesdropping with Qin Mu, was so shocked when she heard this that her jaw nearly dropped. Just as she was about to exclaim, Qin Mu covered her mouth from behind.

Mu Qingxin guessed that Qin Mu had not had an easy time in Rongcheng that year. The two went to Mu Qingxin's room, where Mu Qingxin pressed her to sit on the bed's edge while she stood with hands on her hips looking at her: "Why didn't you let me go downstairs and reason with him? He was slandering you so harshly and praising his own granddaughter to the skies, it's sheer arrogance due to old age."

"Perhaps you find it surprising, but I've long been used to it."

Qin Mu said softly.

"Used to it? Used to being bullied?"

Mu Qingxin never let anyone take advantage of her in a verbal exchange.

"Not bullied, just patient,"

Qin Mu said in a low voice, then stood up from the bed edge: "Qingxin, just watch. Those who look down on me, those who disdain me, those who humiliate me, one day they will all pay the price."

"Can I trust you?"

"What do you think?"

Qin Mu gave a gentle smile.

Mu Qingxin, not to be outdone, reluctantly lowered her head and agreed: "All right, but don't bear too much; it's not good for your health."

"With so many elders at home today, if I don't show patience, it means I lack manners. Jing Qing didn't get any advantage from me, even if Old Master Jing smashed up my studio, your brother has already avenged me."

"Oh my, why do I feel like I've missed so much?"

"Indeed! You've missed a great deal."

Qin Mu smiled faintly, barely managing to muster a bit of cheerfulness.

Mu Qingxin couldn't help but roll her eyes continuously, then looked at her again and asked: "Quick, tell me, what exactly happened during this time..."

"Qingxin, I want to go back to my room for a while. I'll tell you about those things afterward, okay?"

She had to stop Mu Qingxin because she feared she could hardly bear it any longer; getting angry with a pregnant woman was not good, especially when the person was concerned for her well-being.

Only then did Mu Qingxin notice her red-rimmed eyes but ultimately let her go, saying: "Okay."

Qin Mu returned to her room and leaned weakly against the door after closing it.

What haunted her wasn't the grievances the Jing family had given her, but the scene of her mother's gravestone being destroyed.

As she thought about everything she had seen when she ran to the graveyard, it seemed as if whatever was supporting her was being drawn out bit by bit.

Chapter 382: Compensation Required by President Mu (15)_6

When Mu Yichen came home, it was already past four in the afternoon. The Jing Family elders and Jing Qing had left, Feng Fanghua was playing with Huanhuan in the toy room, Mu Qingxin was still napping, and the old man was playing chess with his father.

"Why is it so quiet?"

Mu Yichen walked over and looked at their chessboard as he asked.

"Go upstairs and check on your wife; she went out this morning and hasn't left her room since getting back."

Upon hearing this, Mu Yichen's dark pupils flickered, and he lightly tapped the back of the couch with the back of his hand before striding upstairs.

She lay on the bed as though sleeping. Mu Yichen closed the door, sat down beside the bed, and inclined his body toward her, gently brushing away the hair from her face before noticing her red and swollen eyes.

Even the strongest heart can tremble, especially upon feeling the wetness of her hair under his touch.

"What happened?"

Mu Yichen, who had been busy entertaining all day, was completely unaware of what had happened to her today.

Qin Mu did not speak but buried herself in the bed sheets once more, lying on the bed.

Mu Yichen's brows furrowed with anger as he picked her up.

Qin Mu childishly used her arms to cover her eyes, struggling.

Mu Yichen decisively pinned her down on the bed and forcibly pried apart her arms to clearly see her tear-streaked face.

"What on earth happened?"

"Don't look at me!"

He asked in shock, then heard her voice hoarse as she shouted, but how could he not look?

"Tell me, what did you do this morning when you went out?"

Qin Mu couldn't speak—this habit seemed like it would never change, even after many years.

She habitually buried things in her heart without mentioning them to anyone, except for Qin Haiming.

The reason she told Qin Haiming was because she wanted him to pay.

As for others, she never felt the urge to talk about that matter, nor did she believe she should.

"Did mom say something unpleasant again?"

He could only guess wildly.

She shook her head vigorously. Since there was no way to cover her face and she didn't want him to see her like this, she grabbed the fabric of his shirt at the chest and buried herself in his embrace.

"Tell me what's wrong? I'm really worried about you."

He pushed her away from his chest, holding each of her hands by her shoulders and added anxiously.

Qin Mu simply couldn't open her eyes, which ached so much that she had no choice but to turn her head away and bite his arm.

Mu Yichen had to let go of her because he was concerned she might damage her teeth.

Qin Mu immediately rolled over in bed and buried her face once again.

"You don't want to come down for the New Year's Eve dinner? Or are you planning to show our elders those swollen, fish-eyed eyes of yours?"

Upon hearing that, Qin Mu's initially tear-laden eyes suddenly dried, and she jumped out of bed, heading low-headed toward the bathroom.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu washed her face with cold water. She didn't know what was wrong; she had been tired and fallen asleep, but when she woke up, her face was all wet, and before she knew it, she started crying.

She hated crying on a whim, but...

The broken tombstone seemed to shatter her heart as well.

When she emerged with an eye mask on, he still sat on the bed's edge, hands propped on the side, his dark eyes staring straight at her.

"I'm not in a good mood right now; I'll talk to you about it later."

With only those words, she then went to sit on the sofa, casually lying down, pretending to read a magazine but actually using it to cover her face at the moment.

The room instantly quieted down. Mu Yichen knew her temperament, but this time she seemed even more stubborn than usual; judging by past experiences, the incident that happened this time must have been quite serious.

"Where did you go this morning?"

"To the cemetery!"

Mu Yichen only asked, and she told the truth.

Mu Yichen nodded his head, then moved to leave the room.

"Don't go!"

Qin Mu immediately sat up from the sofa when she heard the footsteps, and turned to look at the man heading for the door as she called out.

Mu Yichen stopped, but he did not turn around and only asked in a low voice: If you can't say it, I'll find out myself.

Qin Mu wanted to tell him, and several times the words reached her throat, but it felt like something was blocking it, and she just couldn't speak.

She lay back down in despair.

Mu Yichen glanced back at her, realizing she still couldn't speak, and then opened the door and left.

The father and son downstairs were still playing chess. When they saw Mu Yichen coming downstairs again, the elder asked: "Is your wife all right?"

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"I'm stepping out."

Mu Yichen didn't reply but simply announced his departure before leaving.

Approaching five o'clock, he smoked a cigarette in the cemetery and then waited for Yang Bo to find him.

"You have three days to catch them."

He was still smoking as he gave the cold order, glancing at the tombstone resting in the cemetery.

Yang Bo was also his good brother, the captain of a certain team at the police station.

Yang Bo nodded after looking: "Is this... Qin Mu's mother's tombstone?"

Yang Bo had a vague memory of it but couldn't recall the details.

"Don't tell anyone about this, including your family."

"I understand!"

Yang Bo nodded, his complexion dark and slim in figure but looked sturdy.

"Go back, have a good New Year's Eve."

Mu Yichen took another puff of his cigarette, his eyes seemingly holding back a fierce fire that refused to die down.

Yang Bo looked at him, nodded, and said, "You go ahead, I'll take a walk around here before heading back."

Mu Yichen didn't say anything more and returned to Rongcheng as soon as he finished his cigarette.

Yang Bo surveyed the scene for a while.

By the time he went back, Qin Mu was already helping with making dumplings, but...

Let's not talk about her current mood, just looking at the dumplings she was making...

It was truly hard to describe.

When Mu Yichen got back and heard she was helping in the kitchen, he thought she might be upset and wanted to ask her to come upstairs, but when he saw her earnestly making dumplings, oh, those things that shouldn't even be called dumplings.

"Are these supposed to be dumplings? Go do something else, even Qingxin makes them better than you."

Feng Fanghua said disdainfully, surprised at her daughter's skill since Mu Qingxin normally wouldn't do such chores and had never cooked before.

"Hehe, Ayan loves dumplings!"

Qingxin continued making them while bashfully answering her mother.

Feng Fanghua looked up at her, both surprised and angry: "Ha, you really care for others, both you siblings are the same. Never seen you taking care of your parents at home, but you're so good at caring for others."

Qin Mu just listened, not saying a word.

However, Mu Qingxin shamelessly said, "Mom, I'm also making dumplings for you to eat, right? Why not eat more of the ones I make later, okay?"

Feng Fanghua...

Qin Mu watched as Mu Qingxin left Feng Fanghua at her wit's end and felt no emotion in her heart at the moment.

Not until Feng Fanghua drove her out did she feel anything, not until she saw him standing by the door looking down at her.

"Come upstairs with me."

Mu Yichen said softly, leading the way.

Qin Mu didn't speak, just followed.

In the living room outside, the grandfather and son were playing with Huanhuan, even helping her peel sunflower seeds. When they saw the two coming out of the kitchen and heading upstairs, they exchanged glances. The grandfather asked, "What's with all the secrecy? Do they always do this?"

"Probably something happened. Qin Mu has one bad habit: she only shares good news, not the worries. Yichen must have found out."

Mu Zihao spoke, handing his granddaughter another seed.

"This girl sure can endure. She must have faced many difficulties in Rongcheng this past year, right?"

The old man grabbed a handful of peanuts and began to eat.

"Exactly, a girl comes back to start a business and so many people look down on her. You saw what happened this afternoon with the Jing Family."

"Hmph! I'm not leaving this year. I really want to see what the Jing Family is planning."

The old man ate a peanut, intolerant of others bullying the weak.

When Qin Mu and Mu Yichen returned to the room, he closed the door and, before they could walk further, he blocked her.

She instinctively stepped back; his hand on the doorknob seemed to encircle her within his arms, forcing her to stand pressed against the door panel.

Qin Mu looked up, her defiant gaze striking against his deep, dark eyes.

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Qin Mu raised his eyes, his defiant gaze barging into the deep black of Yichen's, silently looking up at him.

It was as if she was waiting for a verdict, her breath oppressively subdued, not uttering half a word.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes fixed on her, and after roughly a minute he finally murmured softly, "Whether you want me to handle this matter or not, I will give you an accurate answer as soon as possible. As for what you plan to do, I won't interfere, just listen, okay?"

Qin Mu was now certain that he had personally gone to the cemetery and, from what he said, was already finding people to help with the investigation. However, she suddenly felt that she didn't need to say anything.

She just quietly reached out her hand to his solid waist, slowly rising up as she hugged him, pressing against his warm chest.

The room was still very quiet when she whispered, "Mu Yichen, if I become bad, will you really still want me?"

"You want to compete with me in being bad?"

He also gently embraced her, hugging her tenderly, lowering himself and gently rubbing his chin against her ear as he asked.

With a faint smile, he lowered his gaze and buried himself in her hair, "Still so silly!"

Qin Mu couldn't muster a smile, only hugging him tighter.

Mu Yichen raised his hand to cradle her face, his forehead against hers as he spoke softly, "You're not allowed to cry anymore, or else grandfather and the others will start to suspect."

Qin Mu wanted to nod, but she couldn't move with her face in his hold, and she wanted to breathe, but suddenly his lips pressed against hers, causing her to forget how to breathe until his kiss became domineering a moment later, and she came back to her senses.

Soon, the two of them went downstairs happily, and those with sharp eyes noticed that Qin Mu's mood improved a lot after Yichen came back, but no one teased her anymore.

The one who ate the most that night was the pregnant woman, and the one who talked the most was Feng Fanghua. Mu Qingxin kept eating while Feng Fanghua nagged her, "Can't you eat less? Just yesterday you said it's not good to eat too much."

"But it's the New Year! When we were kids, didn't you always tell us, if you don't eat well during New Year you won't eat well all year?"

After retorting, Mu Qingxin kept stuffing food into her mouth, filling it up.

"You sure remember that clearly. I said so many important things, and you didn't keep any of them in mind. You even went out and found yourself a man secretly, getting your belly so big," Feng Fanghua grumbled more and more, annoyed to the point of feeling full without having eaten.

"Grandpa, I wish you a Happy New Year! Good health! Longevity!"

Fearing Feng Fanghua's continuous complaints, Mu Qingxin simply brought up the old master.

The old master sat in the front, while Mu Qingxin and Qin Mu sat at the very back, but that didn't stop them from toasting.

"Good, good, good! May my beloved granddaughter's auspicious words come true!"

The old master, hearing this, was very happy and raised his glass.

Mu Qingxin immediately stood up with her glass, which was filled with juice, and happily drank.

"Then I also wish grandpa a fortune-filled New Year, and may all your wishes come true in the coming year!"

Qin Mu also stood up.

"I want to wish great-grandpa a Happy New Year too!"

Huanhuan said, following her mother like a little tail to offer the toast.

The old master hadn't had so many family members celebrating the New Year together in many years and was overjoyed.

"Good, good, good! If I'm good, everyone is good! Our whole family is good!"

The old master was even dressed in a red vest that evening, with a dark wool sweater underneath, adding to his happiness and the festive atmosphere.

It was Qin Mu's first time experiencing such a festive New Year!

"Mom and Dad, I wish you a Happy New Year too. Thank you for all the help and care you've given me over the past year. I hope you both stay healthy and live long lives!"

Without moving, Qin Mu poured another glass of wine to toast Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua.

"Mmm! Our family still needs to stay united. You know your mother has a sharp tongue but a soft heart. No matter what she says, you're not allowed to get angry, alright?"

Mu Zihao was very gracious and jovially spoke to Qin Mu as if joking.

"I know!"

Qin Mu responded with a smile.

Feng Fanghua hummed, "Anyway, I'm just the villain!"

"Let it go! It's New Year's Eve, and I won't quibble with you guys today."

After saying that, Feng Fanghua's piercing gaze turned to Qin Mu, "Who drinks first?"

Qin Mu reacted quickly, immediately downing all the wine in her glass.

"A woman like your mother-in-law, in the old days, she'd be considered a female hero."

The elder Mu spoke to Qin Mu after watching Feng Fanghua drink.

It seemed Mu Zihao had said something similar. Qin Mu thought she had pinned down why, despite Feng Fanghua's foul temper, Mu Zihao was so attentive to her.

Chapter 385: Whose body has a problem_2

Wasn't my temper just as bad?

Qin Mu subconsciously looked towards Mu Yichen, who was leaning back in his chair, watching her intently.

He seemed to exist outside of this gathering; despite wearing a simple light-colored shirt, he exuded an air of imperial authority.

Late into the evening, as everyone stayed up together, cracking sunflower seeds while watching the New Year's Gala, the father and son duo continued to play chess.

Latter, Huanhuan fell asleep on Qin Mu's lap. Feng Fanghua glanced up and said in a low voice, "Take her upstairs to sleep."

Qin Mu nodded obediently and carried her daughter upstairs.

Mu Qingxin whispered into Feng Fanghua's ear, "Mom, you look so kind and understanding right now."

"Go on, get out of here!"

Feng Fanghua shot her daughter a look, then shoved a fruit platter into her arms, sending her on her way.

Mu Qingxin wrapped one arm around the fruit platter and the other around Feng Fanghua: "I don't want to, I just want to stick with my mom."

Feng Fanghua looked down at her daughter, who was acting spoiled, thinking to herself, You've been gone for so long without coming back, do you really miss me now?

Especially knowing that her daughter had forsaken her family for a man, and to make matters worse, they weren't officially together yet.

She had thought that her daughter and Jiang Yan had secretly gotten married, but only found out today that it wasn't the case at all.

Mu Qingxin said that Jiang Yan was afraid others would find out about the marriage, so the wedding had to be postponed.

Actually, Mu Qingxin was very nervous at the moment. She didn't know what might happen on Jiang Yan's end; she didn't even dare to call him or send him a message. She just wanted to ask if everything was alright with him.

But there was nothing she could do.

After Qin Mu had put Huanhuan to sleep, she didn't hurry back downstairs.

Many things seem simple on the surface, but what about reality?

Thinking of her mother's gravestone and Qin Haiming's promise, she wasn't sure if Qin Haiming could still get through this New Year's peacefully, especially since his first wife's gravestone had been vandalized.

Of course, if the concern he had shown her throughout the year was just a facade, it was not unforgivable for him to be able to spend the New Year in happiness.

The Qin Family's New Year didn't go well actually.

By the time dinner was finished, it was almost nine o'clock. Qin Haiming was in a bad mood, so Qin Mingzhu was on tenterhooks.

Zhang Rujia, observing the pair and their concealed thoughts, felt a drumming in her heart when she saw Qin Haiming's ever-ready-to-anger expression, thinking he was upset about his daughter sneaking out to spend the night again.

"Mingzhu, no matter what, you're not allowed to run out in the middle of the night anymore, understand? Your dad was worried sick after you left."

Zhang Rujia helped Qin Haiming with the dishes while saying this to her daughter.

Qin Mingzhu nodded vigorously: "I know, I won't dare to do it again!"

Qin Mingzhu's voice was somewhat weak, and her expression was frail.

"As long as you know better, that's good. Now eat up. It's the New Year; our family should be happy and joyful!"

Zhang Rujia said with a smile, serving some food into Qin Mingzhu's bowl. Just as Qin Mingzhu was about to eat with her lowered head, Qin Haiming suddenly put down his chopsticks.

The force with which he set down his chopsticks wasn't very strong, but it was enough for the mother and daughter to hear and feel his anger.

Zhang Rujia looked at her daughter, who immediately set down her own chopsticks, and then, in a low, coaxing voice, asked Qin Haiming, "What on earth is the matter? You've been frowning since the afternoon. Did something unpleasant happen outside? If it's because of Mingzhu, hasn't she already said she won't dare anymore?"

"Hmph! She says she won't dare? Haven't I heard that enough? My ears practically have calluses from it."

Qin Haiming had intended to drink, but the incident with the gravestone had spoiled his appetite for alcohol.

"Mingzhu, what outrageous thing have you done? Look how angry you've made your father."

"I haven't! I just spent last night at AM...no, at a classmate's house. When I came back, I saw Dad was already upset."

Qin Mingzhu quickly corrected herself after blurting out "AM," switching it to a classmate's house.

Qin Haiming just squinted at her, his gaze making Qin Mingzhu start to feel uneasy.

"Was it a male classmate's house or a female classmate's?"

Zhang Rujia thought for sure that her daughter had stayed at a male classmate's house and it had come to Qin Haiming's attention, otherwise, he wouldn't be so angry.

"A female classmate. Dad, you said not to stay with other boys before getting married. I remember that."

Qin Mingzhu immediately responded nervously, already tense, her voice rising with agitation, only becoming cautious when she raised her eyes to Qin Haiming.

"Your aunt's gravestone has been destroyed. I promised Mumu I would give her an explanation, give your aunt an explanation. Do you understand?"

Chapter 386: Whose body has a problem_3

Qin Haiming's voice was very dull; Qin Mingzhu's heart tightened unconsciously, and she immediately lowered her gaze, scared until her throat felt uncomfortable.

"What does this have to do with me?"

Qin Mingzhu asked in a very low voice.

"If it doesn't, that's for the best. If this matter is related to you..."

Qin Haiming stared at his precious daughter, hoping Qin Mingzhu didn't have the guts.

Zhang Rujia also looked towards her daughter, a slight frown forming between her brows; when she lowered her eyelashes, her eyes already bore a complex expression.

Later, Zhang Rujia took Qin Mingzhu to her room and quietly asked her while Qin Haiming was on the phone: Is this matter really related to you?

"No!"

Qin Mingzhu shook her head vigorously, her voice light but somewhat impatient.

"Really not?"

Zhang Rujia asked again for confirmation.

"No means no, what's with this 'really' or 'not'? Don't you trust your own daughter?"

Qin Mingzhu pushed away the hand Zhang Rujia was holding, turned her back to avoid eye contact, and her temper rose significantly.

"If it's not, then it's for the best. If there is..., Mingzhu, you had better not hide anything from mom. Mom won't harm you; she'll even think of a way to help you, if you..."

"Oh, isn't my swearing to heaven enough?"

Qin Mingzhu's eyes rolled, and then she turned back to her mother and earnestly raised her hand to swear.

Although Zhang Rujia didn't specify what would happen, the manner of it made her trust her daughter for the moment.

"It's good if there's nothing. Why swear an oath? That woman is already dead; there's really no need to hold any grudges against her anymore; otherwise, it truly would make things unpleasant for us. Just look at your father tonight; you can tell he feels guilty about that woman. He's haunted by guilt..."

Thinking about Qin Haiming's gloominess all night made Zhang Rujia feel somewhat resentful inside.

She truly didn't want to hold a grudge against someone who was already dead. She only wanted to maintain her current status.

The events of those years, perhaps Qin Haiming only thought he had drunk a little too much. In truth, it wasn't so.

What happened in the past was over; the woman's death had indeed left a shadow in Qin Haiming's heart. All these years she has been taking care of him cautiously and compliantly, striving to make him forget that woman.

But once Qin Mu returned...

She thought everything would be within her control, but Qin Mu's appearance somehow made Qin Haiming waver. He was filled with guilt: guilt towards his deceased wife, guilt towards his eldest daughter; he seemed ready to forget his wife and children at home.

If the matter of the tombstone was related to Qin Mingzhu, then without a doubt, it would be the end of the road for both mother and daughter.

Qin Mingzhu, seeing Zhang Rujia's nervousness, remained silent. She was, of course, aware of her father's guilt towards Qin Mu and even allowed that girl to move in. Just the thought of a room in her house reserved for Qin Mu made Qin Mingzhu's teeth itch with hatred.

Zhang Rujia went out again later, watching as Qin Haiming sat alone on the sofa, smoking and watching the Spring Festival Gala. She sat next to him, "Your health isn't good; smoke less."

Qin Haiming turned his head to look at Zhang Rujia, then leaned over to place the cigarette in the ashtray on the table and snuffed it out.

Zhang Rujia was touched to see that he still listened to her and then suggested, "When was Qin Mu's mother's tombstone damaged?"

"Probably in the morning, or last night,"

Qin Haiming spoke, lowering his head.

"These people are outrageous. You must investigate thoroughly and give Qin Mu's mother an explanation."

Zhang Rujia lightly touched his arm as she spoke, softening her tone.

"Rujia, what I fear most now is that Mingzhu is involved in this. Do you understand?"

"She won't be; Mingzhu swore to me, she said it definitely wasn't her."

Zhang Rujia shook her head and explained again to him.

Qin Haiming nodded and slightly drew Zhang Rujia into his embrace.

He always felt unhappy before and after the New Year, and now this incident made him even more unhappy.

But Zhang Rujia's comforting was not in vain. Zhang Rujia sighed softly, "After the New Year, shall we go repair her grave together?"

"No need, Mumu wouldn't want you to intervene. I'm already content with what you've done,"

Qin Haiming lowered his gaze, his mood visibly improved compared to before.

Qin Mingzhu, however, came down with a fever on the first day of the New Year, but because she had promised to hang out with her classmates, she sneaked out in the afternoon while Qin Haiming and Zhang Rujia were entertaining visiting guests.

The AM on the first day of the New Year was still crowded.

Qin Mu, Mu Qingxin, and Helian Hao made plans to meet here for tea; Helian Hao touched her belly and sighed, "Ah, it just seems I'm not destined for children; otherwise, I should be the one with the bulging belly by now."

Chapter 387: Whose body has a problem_4

Mu Qingxin still didn't know what was going on; she just curiously widened her eyes and looked at Helian Hao, "You've been pregnant before?"

"Yep, but I lost it."

Helian Hao gave a light laugh, although with a touch of loss, it seemed like it wasn't such a grievous sorrow.

"Why didn't you keep it? Was it because of poor health or did someone hurt you?"

Three women were gathered in a beautiful private room, the service staff had all withdrawn, and they poured their own tea.

Qin Mu had been silent all along, as such matters were not hers to speak for.

"Although I was pushed, it was still my own body that wasn't strong enough. Some people can fall many times during pregnancy and not miscarry, some even survive car accidents without losing their babies; but me... Later, I thought, perhaps it just wasn't meant to be with the child."

Helian Hao looked down at the wedding ring on her hand and muttered softly.

"Who was it? Who pushed you?"

Mu Qingxin asked curiously, but pressed her voice very low.

"Let's not talk about it, besides, are you planning on having your baby in Rongcheng this time?"

Helian Hao changed the subject.

Mu Qingxin touched her stomach and smiled foolishly, "I don't know! Actually, it doesn't matter where I give birth, I just want Ayan to be by my side at the time."

She even felt that, even if he had nothing left, as long as he appeared before her, she wouldn't ask for anything, as long as he was alive and before her.

Helian Hao nodded, she didn't know much about Mu Qingxin's affairs, but she could probably guess what her husband was going through at the moment; seeing how worried Mu Qingxin was, she didn't feel it was right to pry further.

"Why don't we talk about something happy?"

Qin Mu asked as she poured tea for them, a strange smile in her eyes.

Helian Hao looked at her; truly, what worried her the most was Qin Mu, even though Qin Mu was smiling brightly now, Helian Hao always felt there was a scar in her heart at this moment.

"Talk about something happy? How about we talk about you and my brother, huh? Did you two stay up late last night?"

Mu Qingxin suddenly became playful as well, teasing Qin Mu.

Qin Mu...

"Right, when are you and Mu Yichen planning on having children?"

Helian Hao suddenly remembered Qin Mu saying a while back that she wanted to have another child with Mu Yichen.

Upon hearing Helian Hao's words, Qin Mu's eyes also lowered slightly, then she smiled faintly, "Actually, we haven't been taking any precautions for over a month now."

Qin Mu looked at them and explained.

Both Helian Hao and Mu Qingxin were excited, even more so than her, the person in question.

"Does this mean I'm going to be an aunt again?"

Mu Qingxin asked happily.

"Looks like it really is soon!"

Helian Hao's eyes also held blessings.

Qin Mu however, shrugged helplessly.

Years ago, Mu Yichen had gotten her pregnant with Huanhuan in one shot, but this time, for so long, nothing.

"I hope so!"

Qin Mu whispered, her shoulders lifting slightly with contained emotion.

"If mom knew you two were trying for kids, she would probably be even more excited."

Mu Qingxin said.

"Could you please keep it a secret for me for now?"

Qin Mu quietly requested.

"Why? Mom has always been looking forward to you two having a grandson for her."

Mu Qingxin asked, curious.

"But how could I know whether I'd have a boy or a girl? What if it's another girl? Moreover, I'm not pregnant yet, telling her would just make her worry all the time, so I think, it's better to tell her after I get pregnant."

Qin Mu explained with a light laugh.

"Ha! You're afraid my mom will keep pestering you, right? Alright, I promise you, considering you helped design my wedding dress."

Speaking of the wedding dress, Qin Mu thought of Helian Hao; the dress had been ready for so long, but the bride had yet to wear it.

Qin Mu sighed softly and asked Helian Hao, "Did you really spend New Year's at your parents' place yesterday?"

"No, Jing Feng went back to the old house for dinner and then came back to spend it with me."

Helian Hao replied.

She had wanted to go back, but Jing Feng wouldn't allow it, saying otherwise he would go to her parents' house to fetch her; not wanting to worry her parents, she waited at the apartment for him, and he was back before ten o'clock.

Spending New Year's together as a couple was quite nice; Helian Hao thought they would each spend it with their own families, and their feelings would gradually fade, but...

It seemed feelings could be rekindled.

Because someone was making an effort.

Helian Hao sighed helplessly, "We agreed to talk about happy topics; come on, tell us, how late did you and Yichen roll around last night?"

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"A whole night, is that enough?"

Qin Mu held the teacup to his lips, asking with a mischievous tone.

"Ah, I'm being harassed by a woman!"

Mu Qingxin immediately covered her mouth with her hand, exclaiming dramatically.

"Someone with such a big belly is calling me a harasser?"

Qin Mu raised an eyebrow, it had been a long time since he had joked around with anyone.

"Haha, then let's both be little fairies, hehe, sounds so nice."

Mu Qingxin corrected herself, suddenly missing Jiang Yan, because he always loved to pin her down and call her a little fairy.

When the three of them stepped outside, it was almost dark. As soon as they left, they saw a group of men and women walking towards them from the other side of the corridor. Mu Qingxin recognized those people she once knew well, then she muttered unconsciously: Isn't that Qin Mingzhu and the others?

Qin Mu heard the name Qin Mingzhu and her gaze instantly sharpened. On seeing them, Qin Mingzhu was shocked and then looked at Qin Mu with great dissatisfaction, as if Qin Mu had an irreconcilable grudge against her.

Helian Hao also saw Qin Mingzhu and her expression changed involuntarily, thinking that the last person Qin Mu would want to see now was probably Qin Mingzhu.

The rest of the group was a bit amused to see Mu Qingxin: Mu Qingxin, you actually deigned to come back?

"Ha, you still recognize me? What, have you all switched sides as soon as I left?"

Mu Qingxin looked at the man who spoke. Back then, several of their classmates were close friends. Mu Qingxin was the more outgoing one, so these boys preferred playing with her. Being pretty made it even easier for her to command their attention.

But now...

"It's not us who switched sides, we're all classmates after all. But what's with your belly?"

One observant male classmate noticed her round belly under her red coat, encased in a sweater.

"Can't you see this young lady is pregnant?"

Mu Qingxin patted her belly lightly, boasting to them.

"You're pregnant without being married?"

The girl walking alongside Qin Mingzhu asked.

The group of girls already had a terrible relationship, and seeing each other now only added to the jealousy.

"Whether I'm married or not, what's it to you? Are you going to support me?"

Mu Qingxin asked with a tilted chin, having no respect for those who judge others or rely on others to show their strength.

"Support you? Even if I had the heart, I wouldn't have the means. Who doesn't know the young Miss Mu can spend money like water, a few tens of millions a day are nothing to you."

"We're wealthy, you'd wish you could spend like that but I bet no one is giving you anything, right?"

"You..."

"What about me? Can't argue back, so you start making threats?"

Mu Qingxin stood her ground, belly thrust forward but not looking the least bit defeated.

If Jiang Yan and Mu Yichen were here, she might have restrained herself a bit. With Jiang Yan and Mu Yichen gone, she was as dominant as a monkey king when there are no tigers on the mountain.

"Ha! You think having money is so great? You're still coming back to the city with a pregnant belly. Will that man even dare to marry you?"

Qin Mingzhu looked at her with a tilt of her chin, her eyes seeming quite certain Mu Qingxin was an unwanted woman.

"Of course, he will marry me, are you worried about me? You'd better worry about yourself instead, always idling around with nothing to do. Do you know that once Qin Mu returns, your dad is going to abandon you?"

"Your dad will abandon you!"

Qin Mingzhu could not stand hearing those words, getting angry as soon as she did.

"My dad abandon me? My parents and grandfather are famously doting on me in this city; who doesn't know that? Even Qin Mu, heh, she has to dote on me too, unlike you. Your mom ascended from being a mistress, and you're no good either."

Mu Qingxin said coldly, intentionally linking arms with Qin Mu.

Qin Mu had been looking down slightly, but feeling Mu Qingxin's arm, he glanced her way and then smiled faintly: "Her mother may have ascended from being a mistress, but she may not get the chance herself."

"Qin Mu, what did you say? Say that again?"

Qin Mingzhu was about to step forward as she spoke, but the people beside her held her back. She was still eagerly trying to pick a fight with Qin Mu.

"I said that even if you want to ascend as a mistress, you might not get the chance. Don't believe it? Just wait and see."

Since she couldn't get to Qin Mu, Qin Mu walked up to her, whispered softly, every word serious and clear.

"You- -let me go, I'll tear this bitch's mouth apart."

"Afraid you won't get the chance to tear my mouth apart before your dad beats you to a pulp, thinking you can keep living carefree..."

Qin Mu didn't finish speaking, but his sharp eyes stared at her for a moment, making her face turn pale before he raised his gaze slightly to sweep over all the so-called friends behind her.

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Qin Mu didn't believe that the matter of her mother's tombstone had nothing to do with these people.

Perhaps she could even start with these people, since they also knew Mu Qingxin. She might be able to quickly find out about the destruction of the tombstone.

Several people felt nervous under Qin Mu's gaze, some looking around and others deliberately bowing their heads to avoid her gaze.

Qin Mu said coldly, "Let's go! Don't let these people ruin our mood."

Helian Hao then helped Mu Qingxin pass by them, and when Mu Qingxin reached Qin Mingzhu, she purposely wrinkled her nose and snorted at her.

Qin Mingzhu was so angry she wanted to die, but she was being held back by others and couldn't retaliate.

When the group was going downstairs, they just happened to run into the manager of that floor. Seeing the name tag on the woman's chest, Mu Qingxin called out, "Come here for a moment."

The woman didn't recognize Mu Qingxin but did recognize Qin Mu and immediately nodded, "What can I do for you, miss? Helian Miss, Qin Miss."

"You only recognize the two of them and not me? Haven't you noticed how much I resemble Mu Qingchen?"

Mu Qingxin asked a bit aggrievedly.

"The sister of President Mu, Mu Qingxin."

Knowing she was angry, Qin Mu softly introduced her.

The manager immediately bowed and replied with a smile, "I am truly sorry. From now on, I will never forget Miss Mu's beauty again."

"Hmph, at least you're good with words. I just wanted to tell you, it'd be best to put rat poison in the drinks for that table of guests. Anyway, I don't want them to have an easy time."

The manager...

"What? Does my word not count? She just offended me and also offended Qin Mu!"

Mu Qingxin, worried she wouldn't listen, immediately pulled Qin Mu for support.

Qin Mu...

The manager looked at Qin Mu, seeking her opinion. Qin Mu stepped forward and softly wrapped her arms around Mu Qingxin's shoulder: "Find a chance to give Qin Mingzhu a little trouble."

The manager immediately got the hint, nodded, bid her farewell.

Mu Qingxin said, "That was actually what I meant, too."

Qin Mu smiled helplessly, "Let's head back."

"Okay!"

Mu Qingxin was helped downstairs by Qin Mu and Helian Hao.

Helian Hao had been wanting to ask Qin Mu about the tombstone matter but never found the right moment, so he never got to ask. Watching Qin Mu driving Mu Qingxin away, he was still somewhat worried.

"Seems like everyone in the hotel knows you now."

On the way back, Mu Qingxin, sitting in the passenger seat, asked Qin Mu.

"I guess so! A lot has happened in AM this year, and I can't explain it all to you in one go, but I'll tell you about it when I have time."

Qin Mu knew Mu Qingxin was very curious and didn't see a reason to hide anything, so she told her this.

"Yeah! I asked my brother, but he won't tell me anything. He even says I'm annoying, just saying, 'Take good care of yourself while you're pregnant!'"

Mu Qingxin mimicked Mu Yichen's serious tone for the last part but exaggerated it, making Qin Mu laugh involuntarily.

"Oh my, why are you driving such a cheap car? My brother has so many luxury cars you could have just picked any one to drive."

Mu Qingxin looked around the interior of the car, puzzled, and then voiced her question before adding on.

"This is the first car I bought with the money I made after coming to Rongcheng. Do you know who I earned this money from?"

Mu Qingxin looked at her curiously.

"Jing Qīng!"

Qin Mu replied with a laugh.

"Jing Qīng? I remember now, is it that design fee? Is a single design fee that high?"

Mu Qingxin was astonished.

"I blatantly asked for a high price, but she had her objectives and insisted on having me design, so I made this money."

Qin Mu explained.

"I bet that money wasn't easy to get, was it?"

Mu Qingxin thought, knowing what kind of person Jing Qing is, how could she possibly let someone just make money off of her.

"There were some complications, but just minor ones."

Qin Mu unconsciously arched an eyebrow, having eventually got the money and not just for the car.

"No wonder Jing Qing looks at you with so much hatred. It's not just because of my brother, but also because you've taken advantage of her too."

"Even if I hadn't taken any advantage, she would still hate me just the same."

Qin Mu replied lightly, with a laugh.

"But considering the power of the Jing Family, do you really want to provoke her?"

"If no one offends me, I don't offend anyone! Besides, I don't have the time to provoke her right now."

Mu Qingxin looked at the woman who was driving earnestly, not understanding a word Qin Mu said.

As for Qin Mu, she was actually waiting for a call from someone who had promised to help her look into the matter of her mother's tombstone the day before. If not for that issue, he probably would have called her by now. Because of that matter, he hadn't called yet.

Qin Mu suspected Qin Haiming guessed it was Qin Mingzhu's doing but just didn't want to admit it.

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Or perhaps, he just wanted to shield his daughter.

If that was the case, Qin Mu would have to settle every single account with them, father and daughter.

When the time came, she wouldn't let go easily, whether it was dealt with privately or publicly.

After returning home, she called Jian Yan, they exchanged holiday greetings, and after a few words, she hung up.

She could feel Jian Yan deliberately distancing himself, but she didn't have the heart to dwell on it anymore, after all, everything was clear as day.

After dinner, she accompanied Huanhuan to sleep, then once Huanhuan fell asleep, she returned to her own room to draw. Mu Yichen came upstairs and sat on the bed to keep her company, leaning against the headboard, he wrapped his shoulders around her, watching her draw, "When will you be this serious with me all day?"

"Am I not serious with you?"

"Say 'I love you' a thousand times for me to hear!"

His dark hawk-like eyes stared at her, as if resistance were not an option.

Qin Mu unconsciously lowered her gaze, smiled faintly, but ignored him and continued to draw.

Mu Yichen continued to stare at her straight on. Grandpa had asked again when they planned to hold the wedding, since the two of them already had a child, Grandpa hoped they wouldn't drag it out.

Actually, he told Grandpa that they would be getting married soon.

But he didn't know how to talk about it with her, as she had always been resistant to the idea of a wedding.

"You were just asking when I'm not serious with you, look at you now, being very unserious."

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh again, turning her sparkling apricot eyes towards him, as if there was a diamond within them.

Mu Yichen, with his dark eyes, suddenly covered hers and pressed her down onto the bed with a fierce kiss.

Qin Mu instinctively pulled out the drawing paper and placed it aside when he pounced on her but still accidentally knocked it onto the floor.

But she had no time to worry about the drawing paper, because Mu Yi had mounted her, ready to pounce.

Qin Mu suddenly remembered the conversation about having children with Helian Hao and Mu Qingxin during the day.

Why hasn't she gotten pregnant yet?

She wasn't that old; surely there couldn't really be a problem with her body?

After she finished those few prescriptions, she hadn't gone back to see the Chinese medicine practitioner, but the practitioner said she would be fine after solidifying the treatment with those doses.

Although she wasn't in a hurry for when the child would come, the fact that it hadn't happened yet caused her to doubt and even become nervous.

"Mu Yichen!"

In the ambiguous space, suddenly, there came a frail and tense voice.

"Hmm?"

Mu Yichen responded while continuing to kiss her, his thin lips inextricable from her neck.

"How long has it been?"

Qin Mu asked softly.

"Hmm?"

He frowned slightly, lifting his eyes to look at her.

"We haven't taken any measures!"

Qin Mu reminded him, looking into his eyes, confused.

Mu Yichen paused, then his brows furrowed even more tightly, "It seems, less than two months, right?"

"We've only done it once since Huanhuan was born."

Qin Mu couldn't help but remind him again, her voice still very small.

"What do you mean?"

Mu Yi almost laughed out loud, misunderstanding Mrs. Mu's meaning.

"I mean, could there be something wrong with my body?"

Qin Mu asked again, sounding nervous.

"Are you worried that your husband's body isn't as good as it once was?"

Mu Yichen was about to laugh, but before he could, he lowered his head to nibble at her earlobe.

Qin Mu winced in pain, raised her upper body, and seeing his defiant, stubborn posture, she couldn't help but laugh and explained to him, "Actually, I meant, could there be something wrong with my body?"